

## CAME ACROSS THE GIRLS.

By rock, and by rift, and rannel, by marsh, and meadow, and mound, and he went with his dogs beside him, and marvelled no game was found. The south of the whole green gorge, and the grey cliffs gleaming on high, and the echoes of his own and the musical hunting cry. And the hounds barked from the cover, all baying together in time. And the hare sprang past before them, along up the lawn, down the stream. And a bevy of bushy-browed, dove-breasted, broke from the lowers, with spears half poised for the hurling, and tresses tangled with flowers. Their lips, rose ruddy, departed to draw their daggers from their scabbards. The slender feet flying swiftly, the slight shapes rushing like the wind, the raptures of the chase, the heads eagerly lifted, the pitiless fair eyes fixed. The flower-fresh cheeks flushed flower-like—rich, rich, rich rose commixed. The slender feet flying swiftly, the slight shapes rushing like the wind, the raptures of the chase, the heads eagerly lifted, the pitiless fair eyes fixed. The flower-fresh cheeks flushed flower-like—rich, rich, rich rose commixed. The slender feet flying swiftly, the slight shapes rushing like the wind, the raptures of the chase, the heads eagerly lifted, the pitiless fair eyes fixed. The flower-fresh cheeks flushed flower-like—rich, rich, rich rose commixed. The slender feet flying swiftly, the slight shapes rushing like the wind, the raptures of the chase, the heads eagerly lifted, the pitiless fair eyes fixed.

## A BRAVE IRISH BOY.

A Story of Kentucky.

In the month of May, 1864, a boy of 15, with a small bundle under his arm, might have been seen walking wearily over a rough Kentucky road. His hair was brown, his eyes were gray, and there was a good-humored expression on his broad Celtic face, for our hero was an Irish boy, who had gone out into the world to seek his fortune.

"Where will I sleep to-night?" thought Pat Roach, for that was his name. "Last night I slept on the ground, and it's stiff I was this morning."

At this moment his eyes fell upon a large and imposing mansion, on a little eminence to the right.

"Maybe they'll let me sleep in the barn," he thought. "Anyhow, I'll give them the chance."

He turned into the front gate and walked up to the front door and knocked, for there was no bell.

The door was opened by a colored woman.

"Well, child, what do you want?" she asked, not unkindly.

"Can you let me sleep in the barn?" asked Pat.

"What does the boy want, Miss?" asked a young lady, who had just entered the broad hall.

"He wants to sleep in the barn, Miss Jennie."

The young lady came forward and looked pleasantly at the boy.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Pat Roach, Miss."

"Where are you going?"

"To seek my fortune, Miss."

"Haven't you a home?"

"Yes, Miss, but there's more of us than father can keep, and I'm the oldest. So I'm going out for myself."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"On the ground."

"That was a pity. You didn't enjoy it, did you?"

"Not much," answered Pat, shrugging his shoulders. "But it was cheaper."

"I suppose you haven't much money?" said the young lady, smiling.

"Not a cent, Miss."

"Have you had any supper?"

"Yes, Miss, I've had a cracker."

"You must still be hungry?"

"Try me and see," said Pat, drolly.

"I will," said the young lady, smiling. "Chloe, take this boy into the kitchen and give him a good supper."

"And may I sleep in the barn afterward, Miss?"

"No, but you may sleep in the house, Chloe, let him occupy the little back room on the second floor."

"Thank you, Miss," said Pat, gratefully. "It will be a fine thing to sleep in a real bed again."

Chloe was well disposed to second the benevolent intentions of her young mistress. She gave Pat the best meal he had eaten for months, and drew out the boy's story, which Pat was quite ready to tell. In return she told the boy that the estate was owned by Mrs. Stanton and her daughter, who were left wealthy by the late Mr. Stanton, who had died during the last year. Beside herself there was a man-servant, but he was lying sick with a fever.

"You'd better hire me," suggested Pat, "while he's sick."

"You can't do a man's work, child."

"Try me and see," said Pat. "I can do a man's work, anyhow."

"You're right there, honey," said Chloe, showing her teeth.

"I will trust you, then," said Jennie, briefly. "There are some robbers approaching the house, who will carry off all they can find. Now we have \$2,000 in the house."

"Two thousand dollars!" ejaculated Pat in amazement.

"Yes. The only place they won't think of searching is in your pocket. Dress as quickly as possible and put this money in your pocket."

"Yes, Miss; what will I do then?"

"These men will probably stay all night. Early in the morning—before sunrise—you must leave the house and stay away till 10 or 11 o'clock. Chloe will give you some food to take with you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss."

"By 10, probably, those men will be gone, and you can bring the money back."

"Yes, Miss. I'll bring it back faithfully." Loud knocks were heard at the door, and the two hurried away. Opening the front door they confronted the troop of marauders.

"What do you want at this late hour?" asked Jennie.

"Supper and shelter for the night," answered the leader.

"Who are you, sir?"

"Capt. Jones, of the Confederate army."

"Why are you away from the main army, sir?"

"That's my business," answered the so-called Capt. Jones, impudently.

"If you insist upon entering, you must, but we object to turning our house into a camp."

"Can't help it, Miss. It's one of the necessities of war. File in, men."

Chloe was obliged to produce from the pantry all the cooked food in the house, and the men did justice to it. Jennie Stanton remained up, feeling in no humor to go to bed. When the report was made, Capt. Jones said:

"Miss Stanton, I learn that you have a large sum of money in the house. We must have it."

"What would you plunder us?" asked the young lady, indignantly.

"We don't take it for ourselves. It is for the cause," said the leader, hypocritically. "You may as well bring it at once and save the trouble of a search. You can't deny that the money was paid you last Monday."

"I don't deny it," said the young lady, intrepidly, "but it has already passed out of our possession."

"I don't believe it," said the Captain, looking very much disappointed.

"Then you may search the house," said Jennie, outwardly bold, but inwardly trembling, lest the money should be discovered.

"I will," said Capt. Jones. "Of course, where such a large amount is concerned, we cannot trust the word of any one."

"Very well, sir, proceed. Chloe, go with these gentlemen."

She slipped away to inform her mother of what she had done, and put her on her guard.

In the course of the search they came to Pat's room.

"Who sleeps here?" asked the leader.

"A poor Irish boy, who asked for a lodging."

"Let me see him."

The door was thrown open, and Pat stared at his new visitor.

"What's your name, boy?" asked Jones.

"Pat Roach."

"Do you live here?"

"No, sir; the ladies let me sleep here to-night. They gave me a good supper beside."

"Where are you traveling?"

"I'm seeking my fortune."

"Are these your clothes?"

"Yes, sir."

To Chloe's great alarm, Capt. Jones took up Pat's poor garments, and thrust his hands into the pockets. But she need not have been alarmed. Pat had taken out the bills and put them under the sheet upon which he was lying. Only a cent was found in the pockets.

"You are not very rich," said Jones.

Pat laughed.

"If I was, what would I be seeking my fortune for?" he answered.

"There's nothing here," said Jones, unsuspiciously.

The search continued, and a few articles of small value were discovered, but the great prize was not to be found. Capt. Jones concluded that Miss Stanton was right after all, and contented himself with what he had found.

About 4 o'clock in the morning Pat was called by Chloe, who gave him some provisions in a paper, and let him out.

"He didn't think I had such a pile of money in my pocket," chuckled Pat. "I could have paid him better for blacking my boots."

"Did you come here directly after you left him?"

"No, Miss. I didn't dare, for fear he would suspect something. I came as soon as I could. Here's the money, and I'll bid you good-by."

Jennie said a few words to her mother. Then she turned to Pat.

"How would you like to live with us?" she asked.

"Tip-top!" answered Pat, promptly. "Then you shall do so. You shall not be wholly a servant, but we will see that you are educated and prepared for a good position hereafter. You have shown yourself worthy of confidence, and will find us not ungrateful."

So Pat found a home and friends. He had sought a fortune and found it. He is now a prosperous and thriving man, and has been able to provide for his parents and help along his younger brothers and sisters. Had he abused the confidence reposed in him and carried off the \$2,000, it is hardly likely that his future would have been as bright.

## How Henry Clay Prepared His Speeches.

When he deemed it necessary to make an argumentative speech, or what is generally called a set speech, he had his books piled into a carriage, and with his servant went just over the Maryland line to the plantation of Hon. Charles H. Calvert, and there remained in privacy until he was ready to address the Senate. Mr. Calvert was one of the wealthiest men and leading agriculturists in the State of Maryland. Mr. Clay's room was upon the ground floor upon the back side of the house, and opened upon a large portico from which there was a magnificent scenery, as attractive a place as a retired statesman could desire, and the freedom of the plantation was his, with all its numerous servants, coming and going, arriving and returning, as he pleased. Mr. Clay's room there gives notoriety to the establishment to this day. Few strangers at Washington in the summer time fail to visit it. It has ever been the object of the proprietors to keep the room as he left it. There are his easy-chair, dressing-gowns and slippers. But his set or argumentative speeches were not what gave him character. He was not like Mr. Calhoun, when he made an uninterrupted speech in the Senate, nor like Webster in his forensic or disputative talents that he was distinguished above all other men. Although the Senate and the galleries would always be filled when it was announced that Mr. Clay was to speak, yet it was always with the expectation and hope that some one would interrupt him and a grand intellectual sparring exposition would take place. Of all men who I ever heard I never knew one who could endure so much interruption and discuss so many side issues and yet finish his speech with the entire facts and the entire line of argument marked out in his mind from the beginning, as Mr. Clay. Could the enemies of Mr. Clay have formed a combination never to interrupt him, nor be interrupted by him, they would have deprived him of much of his Senatorial glory. The best speeches of Calhoun, Webster and Benton were well considered, and read now much as when delivered. Not so with Mr. Clay's best speeches. They were unmeditated, and as much a surprise to himself as to his audience. Shorthand reporting had not then reached its present condition. Thus, Clay must suffer with posterity incapable of hearing the varied intonations of his ever-pleasing voice, or of seeing his gesticulations, his rising upon his toes, his stamp of the foot, his march down the aisles until his long fingers would almost touch the President's desk, and his backward tread to his seat, all the while speaking; his shake of the head, his dangling hair, and his audience in the galleries rising and leaning over as if to catch every syllable. As an impromptu, cut-and-thrust debater, always ready, never thrown from his guard, where is your equal of Henry Clay?—From a Lecture by John Wentworth.

## What Ailed Dean Swift.

When "The Vandal Desecration of monuments" in 1835, exposed Swift's skull to the phenologists, the great Dublin arist might possibly have found in the bones of the ear traces of the cause of his giddiness. When Mr. Whiteway examined the brain he might have found the cause of Swift's right-sided hemiplegia and his aphasia. It is enough now that we can diagnose his life-long disease as labyrinthine vertigo, and his insanity as dementia with aphasia; the dementia arising from general decay of the brain from age and disease, the paralysis and aphasia from disease of one particular part of the brain.

With all the tortures of the life-long disease from which he suffered and its obvious effect upon his temper in his later years, it is wonderful that Swift should retain his reason until, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he was in all probability struck down by a new disease in the form of a localized left side apoplexy or cerebral softening, which determined the symptoms of his insanity. That Swift's works contain no indication of insanity appears to be certain. As well say that Shakespeare was mad because he wrote a good deal which we think nasty. In the fashion of the day, Swift was too prone to make what many called excrementitious jokes and gibes. But that perfect gentleman, Antonio, voided his rheum upon Shylock's beard; and the same kind of thing runs through our literature, no one objecting, until we rather recently become less natural and more nice. Some of our smaller humorists and men of letters have criticised this great king of humor as if he were both bad and mad, not perceiving that if he were really insane he must be pitied and not cursed. But it is the weakest of arguments to say, with Festus, for want of argument, "Much learning doth make thee mad." There is always weakness in madness, but there is little sign of this in Swift's works. There is always some inconsequence or incoherence in madness, but there is none of this in Swift. Down to the last letter to Mrs. Whitway he is most wretched, but he is still collected and wholly himself. —Popular Science Monthly.

## STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

Nine Lives Lost by the Burning of a Florida Steamer.

The steamer City of Sanford, bound from Jacksonville to Sanford, Fla., was burned near the former place. The Captain immediately rushed up to the pilot-house, headed his boat in shore, and landed her in three feet of water within thirty feet of shore. By this time the steamer was wrapped in flames. The passengers were up, in various stages of apparel. A group of five was on the rear deck, when the Captain urged them to leap overboard into the shallow water. Miss Ireland fell overboard, and the stern wheel caught her dress and she was about to drown under its paddles when the Captain spring overboard and extricated her. Mr. Ireland, who jumped after her, was caught in the wheel and was also rescued by Capt. Roberts. Mrs. Ireland and her little daughter and Mrs. Keen and her little son were left on the decks. The ladies were about to jump overboard, when the two children, seized with panic, ran back into the blazing saloon, and mother's love, stronger than fear of death, urged the two ladies after them. The four disappeared in the fiery furnace, and were burned to a crisp. Their remains were found afterward under their respective state-rooms. They were but charred and blackened trunks, bearing the almost-unrecognizable bodies of their children.

## A Bandit's Bride.

The wife of the notorious outlaw, Jesse James, has been interviewed by a correspondent of the Chicago Times. It appears that the wife was the cousin of the desperado, and was the daughter of respectable people living near Kansas City. They were engaged in 1869, just after Jesse had been made an outlaw under the civil code and a price set upon his head. Their courtship lasted five years. One evening they were together in the yard of his mother's residence in Kearney, when five men entered the house and made a fruitless search, the bandit lying under a rosebush twenty feet away. The God's-hill robbery netted \$2,000, of which Jesse received one-fifth, and on that capital they were married and went to Sherman, Tex., for the honeymoon. Jesse was a participant in the robberies at Corinth, Miss., and Munroe, Kan. He subsequently raised fast horses at Edgefield, Tenn., and was a delegate to the State Democratic Convention which nominated Gov. Porter. The daughter was born in Baltimore, during Jesse's absence on the Northfield raid. The outlaw spent a week at the Centennial Exposition, and recognized Alice James from Missouri. Last summer they lived in Kansas City, under the name of Jackson, in a house in which the Blue-cut robbery was planned, and which for a week afterward sheltered the main actors in the hold-up. Mrs. James says her husband had nothing to do with the plundering of the Treasurer's office at the Kansas City Exposition, or the robberies at Baxter Springs, Kan., and Ottumwa, Mo.

## The Crime of Loading.

Many persons who would scorn the idea of telling a lie will yet be guilty of acting a lie all their lives. They will perhaps be engaged to work for another a certain number of hours, yet will shrink or half do their work, making their life a lie. It is as much a crime to act falsely as to speak falsely. It is an un-

## DESTRUCTIVE TORNADO.

A Cyclone Sweeps Over the Town of Brownsville, Mo., Leveling Buildings and Killing and Wounding Many Persons.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., April 19.

A terrible cyclone swept over the town of Brownsville, Saline county, Mo., at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The entire business portion of the town was demolished and seven persons killed and between twenty and thirty others badly injured. The storm came from the southwest and was very similar to the one which destroyed the town of Richmond four years ago. The storm came up so suddenly that the first intimation the people had was a sudden roaring sound, which was immediately followed by the appearance of a large black funnel-shaped cloud coming from the southwest at the rate of at least 100 miles per hour. When the cloud was first noticed it was apparently about two miles distant, and hung perhaps fifty yards above the earth. When it reached the western part of town it dropped down almost to the ground, and seemed to draw everything within a radius of several hundred yards up into the mouth of the funnel. It swept through the town, laying everything waste in its path. Two-story brick business houses were picked up like straws and whirled and twisted into shapeless ruins. Frame dwellings were carried some distance and dropped, smashing houses into fine kindling wood. Heavy timbers were carried several hundred yards through the air, and falling eyes downward, stuck several feet into the ground. Occasionally the funnel seemed to strike the earth, and would rebound some distance into the air, only to fall again and continue its work of destruction. The storm lasted less than two minutes, but during that short space of time about twenty business houses and dwellings were leveled to the ground. The storm came up so suddenly that the people had no time for preparation, and in fact scarcely any one knew what was coming until the storm was upon them. The people in the streets were picked up and carried various distances and hurled to the ground dead or bruised almost beyond recognition, while those in the buildings were buried by the falling walls and debris.

For some time after the storm passed the people who were uninjured were so terribly excited that nothing could be done. When they at last recovered from their consternation search for the dead and wounded was commenced. It was at first supposed that at least fifty persons had been killed, but a thorough search revealed that only seven were killed and eight, fourteen mortally wounded, and sixteen seriously injured. Those killed were:

J. S. Scruggs, a farmer.  
Clairde Meyers, dry-goods merchant.  
T. K. Arthur, clerk.  
W. M. Williams, clerk.  
Con White, City Marshal.  
J. S. Payne, minister.  
James Miller, clerk.

The storm's path was about 150 yards wide, and a row of trees or shrub in that path was leveled to the ground. After leaving Brownsville the funnel pursued a northeasterly direction, and was next heard of near Marshall, where several farmhouses were destroyed. All the houses leading out of Brownsville were broken.

## TELEPHIC EFFECTS OF THE CYCLONE BEFORE IT REACHED BROWNVILLE.

The tornado struck Montrose at 3:30 p. m. yesterday, destroying eighteen dwellings and four churches. No lives lost. A school four miles east of Montrose was blown down, and all the inmates were more or less injured, two little sons of John Farr, it is supposed, fatally. One little child was blown across a twenty-acre field, and lodged in an apple-tree uninjured. Two men in an adjacent field were blown over a hedge-fence ten feet high, and both seriously injured. The storm is said to have reached as far as Appleton City, and blown down houses and carried a heavy hail-storm prevail. All the windows facing the west were damaged. Hail fell large as goose-eggs. At Holden a number of houses were blown down, and others badly damaged.

satisfactory and unprofitable thing to be a loafer. Once fully embarked on the sea of loafdom, and you bid farewell to every friendly sail that sails under an honest and legitimate flag. Your consorts will only be buccaneers of society. It costs money, for, though the loafer may not earn a cent or have a cent for months, the time lost might have procured him much money, if devoted to industry instead of sloth. It costs health, vigor, comfort and all the pleasure of living, honor, dignity, self-respect and the respect of the world when living, and finally all right of consideration when dead. Be a gentleman, then, it is far cheaper.

## BOLD BANDITS.

A Train on the Texas and Pacific Robbed—Train Robbers Felled on the Santa Fe Road.

An east-bound passenger train on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road was ditched near Rincon, N. M., and five heavily-armed men attempted to rob the express, but got into the baggage instead of the express car, and before they could rectify their mistake and get into the right car the train men and passengers appeared in such numbers that the robbers fled. The engine and baggage and express cars were thrown from the track. The fireman was killed, and the engineer and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s messenger badly wounded. The express is supposed to have had \$200,000 in silver from the Arizona mines, bound for New York, and it is thought the world-be robbers were informed of the fact by telegraph, and that they belong to the band of desperadoes which has been committing all kinds of depredations in New Mexico and Arizona for months past.

At Ranger Station, on the Texas and Pacific road, five unmasked robbers, armed to the teeth, sprang upon a train which had slowed up. The robbers were corralled alongside the engine and held captive while the leader of the gang leaped into the express car and forced the messenger to give up his treasure. Meantime a colored porter had warned three Texas rangers in a passenger coach, and when they appeared a hot fight took place, the express car being riddled with bullets. The robbers did not have time to rob the passengers or rifle the mails. They retired in haste, making the trainmen follow them for half an hour, the rangers being in the rear. The express messenger states that less than \$500 was secured, but it is believed that the plunder was quite heavy.

## Anecdotes of Mr. Longfellow.

Mr. Appleton told the story of "Hyperion," and called attention to one of the incidents described as follows: His father, Mr. Nathan Appleton, and Mr. Longfellow, were traveling in Switzerland. They reached Zurich, where the landlady charged very exorbitant prices for their entertainment. Mr. Appleton wrote his name on the books, and paid while denouncing at the price charged. "I have not put my name on the books," said Mr. Longfellow, "and if you will allow me I will treat the inn-keeper as he deserves."

The name of the inn was the "Raven." He took the book away and soon returned with these lines:

"Beware of the Raven of Zurich.  
"Tis a bird of omen ill,  
With an ugly, unclean nest,  
And a very, very long bill."

Mr. Longfellow had a very keen sense of the humorous, and many a witty impromptu was occasioned by some slight incident or accident. One summer twenty years ago, when the Appletons were living in Lynn, the poet's son, Charles, who was very fond of sailing a boat, and who has since become a famous yachtsman, came in his boat one day to make a call. The surf was high and the boat was capsized and he was thrown into the water. He was wet through, of course, and was compelled to make an entire change of clothing. Captain Nathan Appleton, in place of shoes, loaned him a pair of slippers, which he wore home. Mr. Longfellow, the poet, returned the slippers a few days afterward, done up in a neat package, with this little stanza:

"Slippers that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er the Bay of Lynn,  
A forlorn or shipwrecked seaman,  
Seeing, may perchance again."

The mother of Captain Appleton was a Mrs. Sumner before she married Mr. Appleton and before Mr. Longfellow married his wife. One day, when he came from Portland to call upon her, he wore a pair of new boots, which were very noisy. When he went away the next day he left a little poem written on a card, which Captain Appleton still holds. It is as follows:

I knew by the boots that so terribly croaked  
Along the front entry a stranger was near.  
I said, "If there's groans to be found in the world  
My friend from the East stands in need of it here."

## The Man Who Was Scalped.

The occupant of a Griswold street office received a call from a stranger who said he was trying to raise money to help him on to Vermont, and when the citizen replied that he had already disposed of several callers since morning, the man continued:

"I tell you I have had hard luck. I lost my whole family by one accident."

"Well, that was bad."

"And I was robbed in Denver of \$2,000."

"Yes; you should have been more careful."

"Then I was sick for four months."

"I see."

"But that isn't what I complain most about," continued the stranger. "I fell into the hands of the Indians and they scalped me."

"Scalped you? Let me see your head."

The man removed his cap and displayed a skull as bare and shiny as a billiard ball.

"Scalped! Why you haven't been scalped!"

"Oh, yes, I have."

"But there is no scar here. You are simply a bald-headed man. If you had been scalped there would be some evidence of it beside a lack of hair."

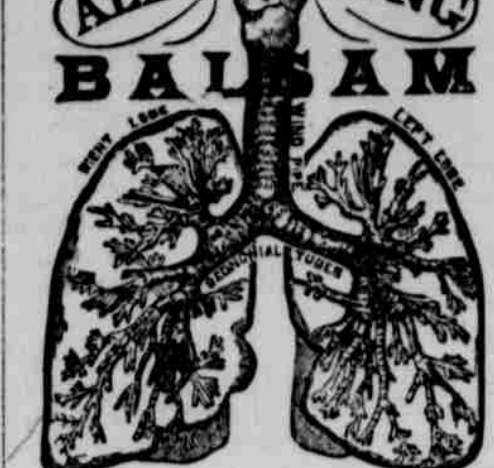
"But the Indians sand-papered the evidences all away before they let me go," vigorously protested the unabashed sufferer.

As soon as the citizen began hunting for an old chair-leg the stranger clattered down stairs, but at the door-way he turned around and called out:

"That's the way with the whole gang of you in this town! The Indians might cut a man's head clean off and you'd claim that he was born that way! Don't you throw that club at me, and I'm going to Vermont if I have to ride in a palace car to get there!"—Detroit Free Press.

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